

Merry Christmas to All!

Mokena Garage

Man Host to Santa

For the first time within the history of Mokena, Santa Claus paid a visit to all the kiddies of the village outside of the churches and the school, when the jolly old man was the source of delight at a municipal Christmas party held at the Cooper & Hostert garage Monday night.

Promptly at 7 o'clock a big and ever growing crowd assembled at the garage where a beautifully decorated Christmas tree illuminated with mermaids of various colored electric lights stood in the auto show room.

After patiently waiting for old Santa's appearance, the youngsters began to get anxious. Presently N. F. Heiman appeared and said that a telephone message had just been received from Santa saying he had such a heavy load that he got stuck about three miles out in the country and that Harold Cooper had been sent to help him to get in.

Soon there was a great commotion as the door opened and a jolly faced, bewhiskered, red clad figure with tinkling sleigh bells entered and greeting his large audience of young and old with a rousing and hearty "Merry Christmas". He shook hands with all the kiddies and asked each one what he or she wanted for Christmas following which his assistants brought in a big supply of bags filled with fruit, nuts and candy which Santa distributed to all the kiddies. The older folks were not forgotten, for each person present got an orange.

For the time being all creeds and religious beliefs were forgotten as members of various faiths enjoyed themselves as one big family truly exemplifying the Christmas Spirit.

The men who were responsible for this party and getting Santa here are to be highly commended for their unselfish and community uplifting spirit. Mokena has too long harbored petty fights and little mean mean feelings which do not amount to a fig in the big scheme of life only that they are a hindrance to the development of the community. Mokena has long been in need of a social awakening and the hearty response given this little party is a good indication that the people are ready to support brighter and better social conditions for Mokena. The Christmas party was such a wonderful success that it went over bigger than its promoters had even dared to dream that it would. The next thing which the News-Bulletin agitators and is anxious to see put over is a community Christmas tree and program as is done in other wide awake cities and towns. Let the Christmas Spirit of good will keep on growing thruout the year.

Mock Trial Creates
Much Merriment

A veritable cyclone of laughter rocked the Cooper & Hostert garage at Mokena Monday night when a mock trial was held with Judge John F. Schultz presiding.

The principals in the case were Herman Schweser, superintendent of the local plant of the Bowman Dairy Company and Richard Hensel, well known local druggist who however were known as Mr. Sheser and Pillroller Handbill in the trial.

The case hinged on the replacement of an Ingersoll watch.

N. F. Heiman, was the counsel for the plaintiff known as the "plainfield" and known as Liar Haystack while Prof. W. J. Lathrop was the "Anthony Letter for the defense".

A jury trial was demanded and a "jury" was empaneled amid a scream of laughter. The talesmen were examined and rejected and after many hilarious stunts the "jury" was finally procured.

Then the trial proceeded. Mr. "Sheser" was called to the stand

Orland News Notes

CHRIST LUT. CHURCH NOTES

Xmas program Thursday evening. Dec. 25 German Xmas service at 10 a. m. Dec. 26 Family Xmas party by Young Folks Society at the Lutheran schoolhouse. Sunday Dec. 27-English service at 10 a. m. Dec. 31st New Year eve service at 7:30 o'clock in English. Jan. 1 German 10: a. m. Communion. Announcements for same Tuesday afternoon and evening.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Zerbs was christened last Sunday, name given Hilda Margaret. The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Bettenhausen was also baptized, name given Howard Leonard.

Albert Loeb, well known member of the firm of Loeb Bros., of Orland is seriously ill at his home and two trained nurses are in attendance.

Mrs. Wm. F. Braasch died last Thursday at her home near Orland at the age of 52 years, 6 months and 3 days. Funeral services were held Sunday from the Christ Luth. church, Rev. W. C. Greve officiating. Burial in Bethany Cemetery on Archer Road.

Orville Schmaedeke ran into a truck in front of the Davidson coal office one night last week when the car skidded. The car was damaged but luckily no one was hurt.

Miss Clara Myrick attended the opera "Aida" at the Auditorium Saturday evening.

Mrs. Clarence Beagley attended a concert given by Galli Curci last week.

ORLAND M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Remember the famous picture, "Ten Commandments" on Saturday December 26th. Two performances 5:30 and 7:45 p. m. This is the greatest movie film ever made.

Sunday, December 27th is Christmas Sunday in this church. The

and after being "sworn" to tell the "untruth and nothing but the untruth" he said he had purchased a watch costing 425 cents from "Mr. Pillroller Handbill" but that the watch did not keep time so he traded it in for another watch costing 175 cents because it had more and larger wheels and more gayity in it. Later he loaned this watch to Januarius who traded it in at Mr. Handbill's and he "Mr. Sheser" had no watch hence his suit of replacement to recover the watch.

Geo. Aschenbrenner was "deputy Hasheater" and he said that Mr. Handbill refused to give up the watch and said the Dutchman could sue him.

W. R. Lynk, who took the part of Deuteronomy Leviticus Januarius, a Panhandler, swapper, half-wit etc., who said he lives on the roof of a vinegar factory near Tin Pan alley. His antics brought the house down.

Elmer Cooper took the part of Cooperschmidt, who was supposed to have flimflamed Januarius in an auto deal, which provoked another storm of mirth.

After a fierce argument of the case before Judge Schultz, in which objectives of counsel were sustained and also over ruled, the case then ultimately went to the jury, of which Bernice Whittaker, acting as Matilda Kettleworth, was foreman. The jury retired and soon appeared with the following verdict:

"We, the jury don't really believe any of them so we hereby fine all witnesses and lawyers, the plaintiff and defendant, two bits to be donated to the charity fund."

Matilda Kettleworth, foreman, O'Connor, Betty Jane, Orphan Annie, John Brown, E. Smith, Jurors.

The editor served as clerk of the court. The "Liars" in their cross examination of the plaintiff, witnesses, etc., succeeded in getting all of them so twisted in their testimony that they readily admitted to being prevaricators of the truth.



The beautiful modern custom of decorating the trees on their outdoor illuminated Christmas lawns in this fashion for illumination is rapidly gaining in favor throughout the country, people during the holiday season.

Tinley Board Re-Instates Chief

Fred Schmediknecht has been re-instated as police chief of the village of Tinley Park. Mr. Schmediknecht was suspended by the board while Joe Greco was pushing a serious charge against him, but when Mr. Schmediknecht was vindicated by the grand jury, the board reconsidered their suspension order and re-instated him.

Jacob Funk is on the sick list. Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Uthe last Wednesday a pair of twins—a boy and a girl. Dr. Ickstadt attended the case.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our thanks to all relatives, neighbors and friends for the many kindnesses shown us during the recent illness and death of our beloved father, Wm. Kimmel, Rev. Wm. Greve for his comforting words, also for the floral offerings. Mr. and Mrs. Christ Mager, Sr.

Christmas sermon will be preached at the morning service at 10:30.

In the evening a four reel moving picture film "Old Srooge" a dramatization of Dickens' Christmas story. Special music by the choir.

The picture for January 2nd—Saturday evening is the well known Paramount picture "Peter Pan".

Jan. 3rd—Bible school 9:30. Morning worship 10:30. A New Year message will be in mind. A picture "How Dreams Come True" will be shown at the evening service.

A RADIO CHRISTMAS

Our suggestion is that you buy Ma, or Pa, or Sister Sue, a radio for Christmas. Last year, when our neighbor across the way bought his new set, we were interested, but somewhat skeptical about his enthusiasm. "He'll get tired of playing with it after a little," we thought. As the months passed, however, we found that neighbor and his wife were spending more time in the room with the loud speaker than they did at the beginning. We began to see that the radio it was a permanent comfort in the home, and we had one installed in the corner by our own fireplace. So we speak from experience when we advise the radio Christmas. You may truly argue that the little magic machine is not yet perfect, but neither is the plow nor the automobile. The radio is practical enough for every day use, and since it will continue to be improved, like the telephone, for the next hundred years, we might as well have one now, and enjoy it while we are yet living.

—Farm and Home and Farm Life.

Destitute Family
Needs Call From
Santa Urgently

At this happy Christmas tide when joy and happiness ought to reign in the world, we find much sorrow and misery which however is the means of affording an opportunity for the good fellows to spread the Christmas Spirit.

At the Christmas party held at the Cooper and Hostert garage in Mokena Monday night, Dr. E. G. MacMahon told of the dire straits he found a family of 12 children. The doctor was called to the Louis Blessing home which he found consisted of a three room shack with almost indescribable squalid conditions. He told of finding eight tots ranging not more than 14 months apart in their ages, lying in one bed with hardly any bed covering while in another room was another bed in which laid the mother with a 13 month old baby and with another awaiting to be born. When the new baby came there was nothing but a dirty towel and an old coat to wrap it in.

The children, the doctor said had a few rags for clothes and some had no shoes running about in their stockings while the less fortunate had to go barefoot. Food is also a scant article in this destitute home.

The residents of New Lenox say the father is shiftless and is not much concerned about his family evidently. To alleviate the suffering of the little tots and to bring some Christmas cheer to their sad little lives, a fund was started at the Cooper & Hostert garage Monday night with which to buy food while a supply of second handed clothes was also solicited. Any one wishing to give to this family can leave their donations with the Cooper garage.

The father is said to be out of work now. Here is a situation for the attention of the Child Welfare Workers or county or state officials. Conditions such as above outlined are conducive to crime.

This is a social problem that is often hard to solve. If children develop into criminals under such circumstances they are not to be blamed but the blame does lie entirely with ones making such conditions. It is a different story when the head of a family is taken by death or is laid up thru illness, but shiftlessness is no excuse whatever.

XMAS AND NEW YEAR DANCE At Saenger Hall, Tinley Park. The Xmas dance Sat. Dec. 26. New Year dance Thurs. Dec. 31st. Music by 9 Jazz Kings. Admission 50 cents a person. Lorenz & Rein, Props. —Adv.

Frankfort Club to
Hold Family Party

The Frankfort Home Improvement Club met with Mrs. Walter Pfaff Thursday afternoon and a very enjoyable program was given as follows:

Song—Joy to the World. Xmas carol read by Mrs. George Andrew. Book Review, Mrs. Wm. Lankennau. "How to Keep Xmas from becoming a Burden" Mrs. Chas. Balchowsky. Study of Food Budget—a 12c lunch discussed. Toys that appeal—discussed. Roll call "My first Xmas recollections", some very interesting. Committee appointed to pack Sunshine Bags. Monday evening. Duet by Mrs. Frank Kohlhausen and Mrs. Peter Folkers. "Bethlehem Babe" was given as an encore. Xmas of Long Ago read by Mrs. Peter Folkers. Xmas in My House—Mrs. Frankie Frinker. An Xmas Rhyme—Mrs. Henry Breidert. Good Wishes for Frankfort Folks—Mrs. John Clark Trio—Shepherds Keeping Watch by Night—Mrs. Frank Folkers, Mrs. Frank Kohlhausen and Mrs. John Clark—encore Silent Night. The Club's family party will be held in the Frankfort hall in January. Committees appointed for entertainment were: Mrs. Glenn Folkers, Mrs. Fred Heisner, and Mrs. Henry Breidert; for refreshments—Mrs. Walter Pfaff, Mrs. Harold Folkers and Mrs. Alfred Zechlin. It is the wish of the club that all members and their families can be with them on that occasion and enjoy a real jolly good time.

Dollars You Spend
At Home Come Back

Can you imagine Oak Lawn without a single store of any kind in it? How would you get your supplies? Would you like to walk, drive or ride ten or twenty miles away for a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, a blanket, a suit of clothes or some other need? Not very likely we're thinking. As a matter of fact, it's beyond all reason to imagine a community without a business of some kind in it. For is it not the business and professional interests that comprise the nucleus of any city?

All of which is a mighty good reason why our business and professional interests should broadcast the "Spend your dollars at home" message you'll find on page 8 of this issue. Turn to it now and read every word of their excellent talk. Many points in it that you Mr. and Mrs. Oak Lawn Citizen, perhaps have never thought of and which will kindle in you the desire to do more toward the development of this—your home town.

R. I. Demonstrates
New Crossing Signal

The Rock Island railroad demonstrated a new flash light crossing signal at the Bowman Dairy crossing in Mokena Tuesday afternoon.

The new signal consists of three disks. The center or largest disk has the word "Stop" on it in large letters which are illuminated by night. On each side of the center disk is a smaller disk which flashes a red light on and off alternately soon as a train hits the circuit. These disks flash red by day as well as at night. The warning bell at the crossing rings at the same time that the disks flash. The Rock Island has 15 of these signals in use at Lincoln, Neb., and one at Gresham.

The signal operates from local electric light wires and is so arranged that in case the power is off the signal automatically is in turn switched on a storage battery of the signal system and keeps on working.

Oak Lawn Election
Goes Over 7 to 1

The special election held at Oak Lawn last Friday to vote on the annexation of additional territory into the village limits went over by a 7 to 1 vote over 200 votes being cast.

HOLIDAY SERVICES OF ST.

JOHN'S EV. CHURCH MOKENA

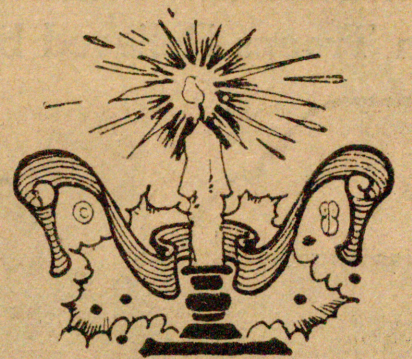
Christmas Day 10:30 a. m. German language. Also communion services. Dec. 31st—7:30 p. m., English services New Year's eve.

Rev. D. H. Moritz will preach a trial sermon Dec. 29th at 7:30 p. m. in both languages. Annual congregational meeting Jan. 2nd at 1 p. m., sharp.

New Lenox Man
Dies after Operation

Willby Poler of New Lenox who underwent an operation for appendicitis at Silver Cross hospital Joliet died last Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Poler recently moved here from Wiabux, Montana to be near their daughter, Mrs. Dahlman. They had been living in one of the cottages on the camp grounds.

Funeral services were held Sunday from the New Lenox M. E. church, Rev. Galloway officiating. Burial in Maplewood cemetery at New Lenox.

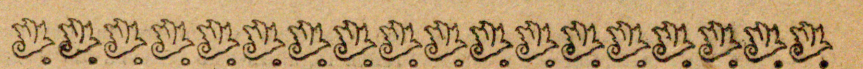


Some folks will tell you Business is "Business" But we have found in dealing with you that Business is Pleasure. We hope the pleasure has been mutual and extend to you our sincere wishes for

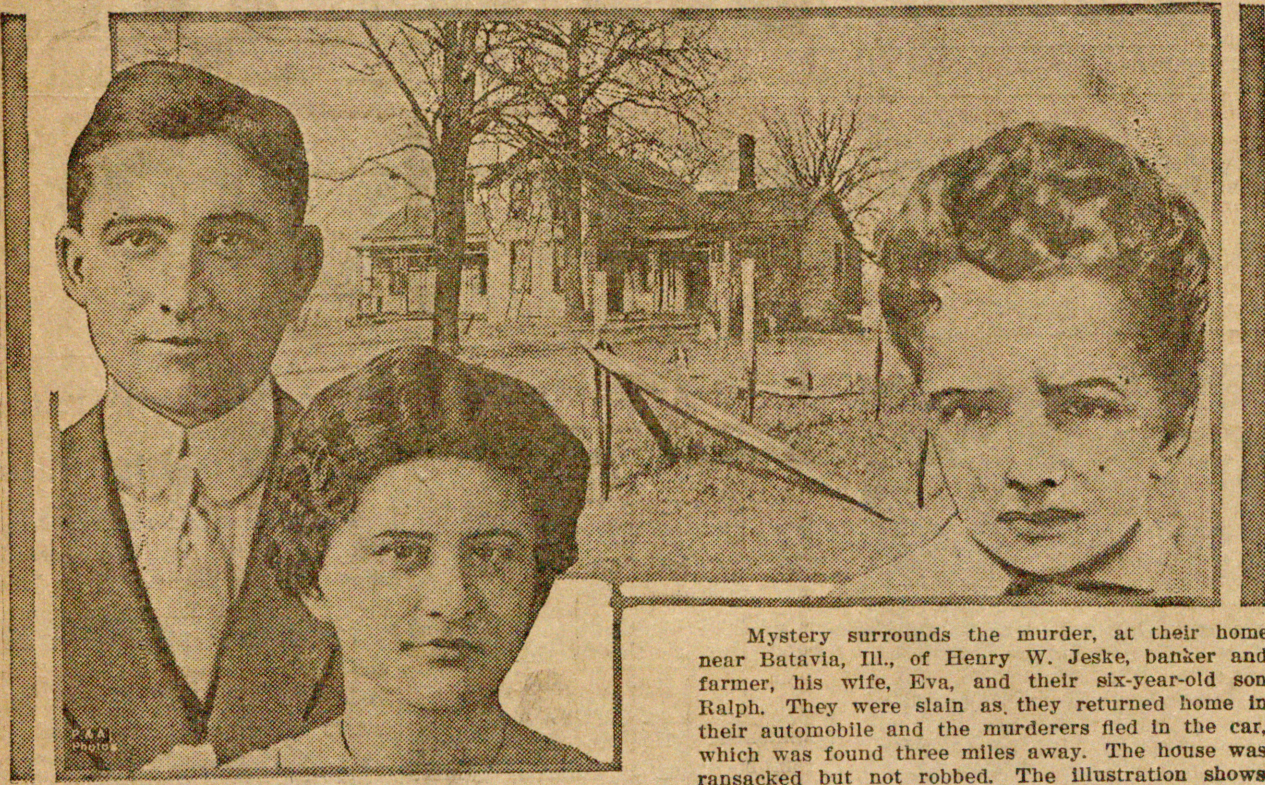
A Merry Christmas and

A Happy New Year

The Orland State Bank



Illinois Banker, Wife and Little Son Murdered



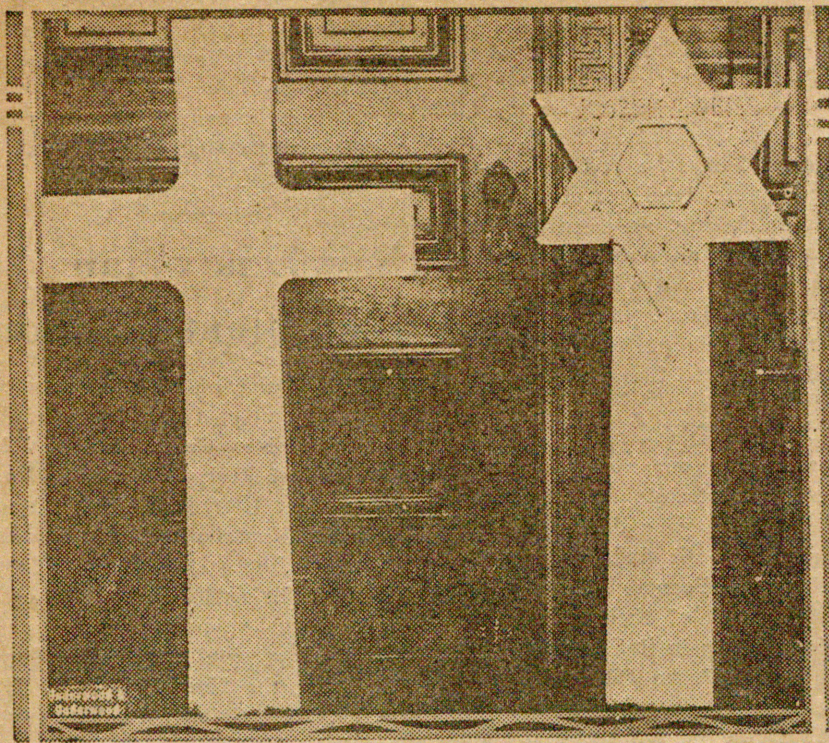
Mystery surrounds the murder, at their home near Batavia, Ill., of Henry W. Jeske, banker and farmer, his wife, Eva, and their six-year-old son Ralph. They were slain as they returned home in their automobile and the murderers fled in the car, which was found three miles away. The house was ransacked but not robbed. The illustration shows the victims and their residence.

Chance for Winter Sports on Mt. Rainier



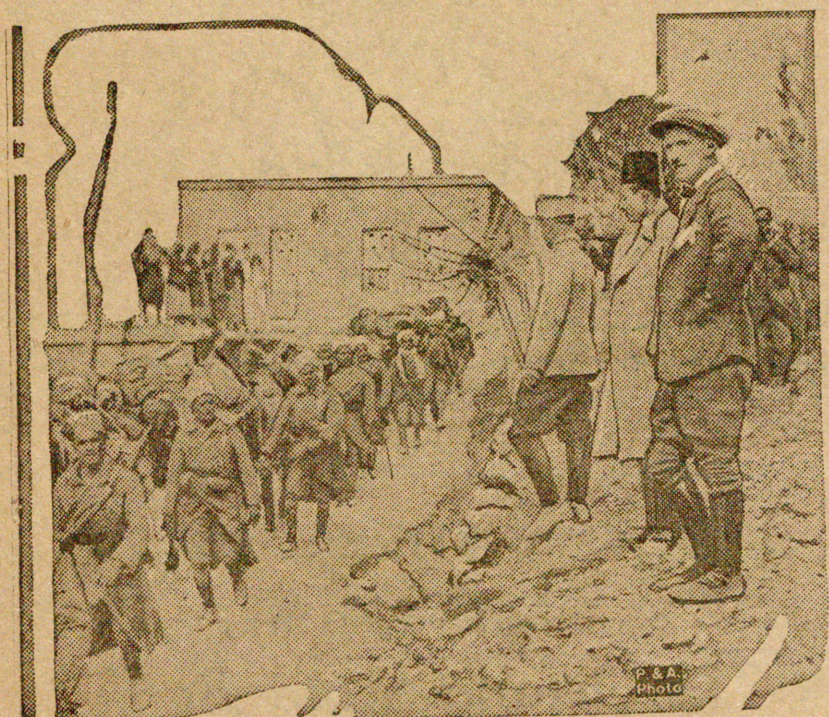
Paradise valley, 5,500 feet up the side of Mt. Rainier, will be kept open this winter for snow and ice sports, according to an announcement by the national park service. Visitors will have to enter the second or third story windows of Paradise Inn to get accommodations, as the famous hotel will be buried under fifty or sixty feet of snow, but once inside they will find warm rooms, electric lights and good food.

For Graves of Unknown Soldiers



Upon 1,682 white stone markers over the last resting places of unknown American soldier dead in France the United States government will chisel this legend: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God." For graves of Christians the cross will be used, and for those of Jews the "Star of David" design.

Lebanon Troops Relieved by French



Joseph Kanaan, commander of the Christian volunteers in Lebanon (wearing cap), watching entry of the French regulars who relieved his troops after their battles with the Druses.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

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GETTING READY FOR WINTER

AS THE days grow colder and shorter and the nights are longer, the natural tendency of civilized people is to stay more in the house, to close the windows and doors, to huddle together around the stove or the fireplace and to avoid the sun, the winds and the open places.

Then one member of the family gets a "cold" and soon all of them have it. And then they say it's this awful weather. But it isn't the weather at all. There isn't any weather in the house and where the temperature is probably as high as a hot summer day, and where the lungs are stifled by impure air, the skin is kept too moist by dry heat and heavy clothing. The members of the household are living in close contact with each other, such as is not possible in the warm days of summer, when doors and windows were wide open and, when everybody who could stayed outdoors as much as possible.

"Colds" are always with us. We can't escape them under our present-day living conditions. All we can do is to live so as to be able to resist them.

How? First by giving your skin air. Don't smother yourself with heavy clothes on the first cool day. Wear enough to keep you warm but not enough to keep your skin constantly damp.

Little danger, you say, to women and girls with present-day styles. Very true and it still remains to be seen whether lighter clothing in the house with fur coats and heavy wraps on the body for outdoor wear are going to diminish the number of colds among women. I can remember the day when women and girls were swathed up at the first sign of winter in woolen petticoats, flannel underwear, thick woolen stockings and heavy cloth dresses to "keep them from chilling" because they were "so sensitive to cold." Who wouldn't be sensitive if they were wrapped up like hot-house fruit?

Keep the house warm enough to be comfortable but not like a midsummer day.

Fresh air, especially at night, is one of the best possible preventives against winter colds. Steffanson, Nansen, Greely, MacMillan and all the Arctic explorers say that they had no colds in the Polar regions, although they tramped miles through snow drifts, slept in thin tents and snow huts, often in wet clothes and sleeping bags. Colds only reappeared when they returned to civilization.

So if you want to be free from colds, stay outdoors as much as possible, have fresh air in the house, use cold water freely, dress moderately and eat sensibly.

THE SALT HABIT

"SALT is good," said Christ to his disciples in one of the parables. Evidently most races of men believe so. Friday in Robinson Crusoe's island, had to learn to eat it, as most primitive people do. Steffanson tells in his "Friendly Arctic" of finding a tribe of Eskimos who had never tasted either sugar or salt and to whom both were so disagreeable that they would not eat any food which had a particle of either one in it.

A certain amount of salt is evidently needed by the body and is of benefit. But some people have formed the habit of eating it to excess, either in their food or "straight." This is a habit just like the alcohol habit, the tobacco habit, or any of the other curious habits that men form.

What harm does it do, you ask? Well, salt is not only a seasoning, it is also a combination of equal parts of two powerful chemicals, sodium and chloride. The blood under normal conditions has a certain amount of salt, as can easily be proven when you have a tooth pulled or your lip or tongue cut. You recognize at once that the blood which fills your mouth has a salty taste. If the body gets more salt than it needs, then the excess must be excreted by the kidneys, they become irritated and if this is kept up there is continued irritation. Another objection to too much salt or salty food is that salt always creates thirst. The foxy bartender knew this. He put salt fish and salt pickles and salty popcorn on the bar as a free lunch, knowing that he'd get it all back in the increased drinks his thirsty customers would order.

The more water we drink the more fluid there is for the kidneys and the heart to handle. People who eat large amounts of salt also generally eat pickles, spices, hot relishes and sauces, and so have to drink large quantities of some kind of fluid to quench their thirst. All that means more work and more irritation for the heart and kidneys.

A reasonable amount of salt is probably not only harmless but necessary. But like all good things, it can be carried to excess. Don't get the salt habit, don't overload your food with unnecessary seasoning. As boys say in their games "All that goes up must come down" so remember this about the body, that all that goes in must come out and sometimes it does more harm getting out than it did getting in.

PICKED BY "ZIGGIE"



Like a jewel expert picking out a flawless pearl from a heap of imitation ones, Florence Ziegfeld, "Glorifier" of the American girl, lighted on the blond, beautiful person of a young Boston miss, Betty Lee Cooper, as she trudged along Tremont street. It did not take long to persuade her to sign a contract with "Ziggie."

HIS LIFE THREATENED



Arrest in Kenosha, Wis., of an alleged blackmailer has brought out the fact that Charles W. Nash, multimillionaire president of the Nash Motor company, has recently received three Black Hand letters demanding \$10,000 from him on pain of death.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 27

REVIEW—FROM ATHENS TO ROME

REVIEW—From Athens to Rome. GOLDEN TEXT—Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Rom. 5:1.

PRIMARY TOPIC—How Paul Helped the Poor.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Helping Others by Our Gifts.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Paul, the Missionary.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Paul the Christian.

The lessons of the quarter gather about Paul. The review therefore will have to do with his character, service and teachings. A good method of review is to study the salient points with the leading teachings of each lesson. The following suggestions are offered:

October 4.

Paul took advantage of the opportunity to preach the gospel to the Jews in the synagogue at Athens, and to such of the Gentiles and Jews as were found in the market-place, calling upon all to repent because of God's appointed day of judgment by Jesus Christ.

October 11.

Though compelled to work for a living while getting a foothold in Corinth, Paul zealously preached the gospel even in the face of violent opposition. In this time of his great need God encouraged him by giving him a vision. God always comes to the help of His servants in their greatest need.

October 18.

The Spirit's best gift is love. It is best because of its essential qualities and also because every believer can have and exercise it.

October 25.

Paul with dauntless courage preached the gospel at Ephesus, and here his preaching resulted in a glorious awakening. Where the gospel is preached in the power of the Holy Spirit men will believe in Christ and turn from their wicked ways, even giving up wrong kinds of business.

November 1.

The Christian has a strong enemy to fight, a personal being called the devil. He must meet him in offensive and defensive warfare. His strength and armor are from the Lord. The way to get strength to wage the conflict is by prayer to God.

November 8.

Paul with undaunted courage pressed on toward Jerusalem, knowing that bonds and affliction awaited him. As he took leave of the Ephesian elders he warned them of the false teachers who would arise among them, and assured them that he had declared the whole counsel of God.

November 15.

Despite Paul's eagerness to conciliate the people in Jerusalem, he was arrested. Because of his passion to preach the gospel, he witnessed to the angry mob which was striving to kill him.

November 22.

Though falsely accused and arraigned before the wicked governor, Paul with becoming dignity and courtesy defended himself in such a way as to win the favor of Felix.

November 29.

Paul defended himself before Agrippa and so wisely and confidently used the Scriptures as to almost persuade Agrippa to become a Christian.

December 6.

Paul's behavior on the voyage and during the shipwreck displayed his sublime faith in God as well as his remarkable bravery and common sense.

December 13.

Upon Paul's arrival in Rome he was greatly heartened by the reception given him by the brethren who came to meet him. Paul was intensely human. He, like his Lord, craved human fellowship.

December 20.

If the summary of Paul's life was the lesson used on this Sunday, the review should be the vision of the veteran soldier of the cross, near the close of his life, declaring, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; there is therefore laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give to me at that day."

If the Christmas lesson was used for this day, the method of review should be to picture the wise men seeking Jesus, Herod seeking to kill Him, and the finding of Jesus in Bethlehem.

Our Thanks

Our thanks should be as fervent for mercies received as our petitions for mercies sought.

Must Enjoy Work

No one who does not enjoy work can truly enjoy anything else.—Raymond.

Faithful

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

MONARCH Breakfast COCOA
The low price of this unusual quality Cocoa is made possible by superior buying power and greatly increased sales.
35¢ a pound

QUALITY for 70 years
Our Monarch Quality Foods are not sold by chain stores.
Reid, Murdoch & Co., Chicago, U.S.A.
Boston, Pittsburgh, New York

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
Feel Young
Take care of your stomach and preserve your health.
HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters tone up the digestive organs, stimulate the appetite and promote a feeling of physical fitness. At all Druggists.
The Hostetter Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Try the New Cuticura Shaving Stick
Freely Lathering
Medicinal and Emollient

Better Than Pills For Liver Ills
The reason
N. R. Tonight Tomorrow Alright
Get a 25¢ Box
Your Druggist

What Pretty Girl Did for Sick Stomach



Miss E. Rich of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I don't know what the cause was, but every few days my stomach would feel all bloated up with gas, my appetite was poor and I felt sick to my stomach—to say nothing of headaches."

"I never thought of using Carter's Little Liver Pills until nothing seemed to help. After using Carter's I felt relieved at once—and now as soon as my stomach 'talks' back I answer with Carter's and have the last word."

Recommended and for sale by all drug stores. 25¢.

BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Regulator
Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label.
At All Druggists

GASTRITIS IS DANGEROUS STOP IT QUICK

When your stomach is bloated—when it is so distended with gas that pressure on the heart almost suffocates you.

What are you going to do? Take a chance or get rid of the gas quick?

The one big selling stomach medicine today is Dare's Mentha Pepsin and its mighty power to relieve terrible gastritis, acute or chronic is a blessing to tens of thousands of people who have been unable to get help from any other source.

It's splendid for any stomach trouble—is Dare's Mentha Pepsin.

So when your food won't digest or gas, bloating or shortness of breath cause you to become nervous or dizzy or have a headache always remember that you can get one bottle of Dare's Mentha Pepsin from your druggist and if it doesn't help your disordered stomach—your money will be returned.

INSIST UPON KEMP'S BALSAM for that COUGH!

The DOLLIES SANTA BROUGHT



It Was the Night Before Christmas

Little Snowflakes Glad to
Be of Service on Great-
est of All Days.

By W. D. PENNYPACKER

IT WAS one of the tiniest things imaginable. In all the whitened fields of late December it could scarcely be reckoned with. It was a snowflake. Meeting was the span of its existence. Today, here, tomorrow possibly drawn into the moisture of the atmosphere, depending upon temperature, and where it chanced to fall.

Some say fairies fashion snow-crystals in wonderful workrooms and laboratories which man has not explored. It may be. They are more exquisitely cut than the rarest jewels.

It was the night before Christmas.

There was the usual sense of quiet which comes over things when the pre-holiday rush and confusion ends—the sense of peace—perhaps the echo of that old song which man has so often and so ruthlessly heard and forgotten.

It seems that the snowflake knew.

In the land whence snowflakes come there is a great chief. The country, if one speaks of it as such, is an absolute monarchy. But it is different from those our geographies name under Political Divisions. It is a monarchy ruled by love, where a desire to give happiness is the prevalent ambition.

So, on that night before Christmas, as the snowflakes danced about in great billowy clouds, some of them thought of companions already fallen to earth. Yes, some had fallen, and their beauty had lasted for a while, then disappeared.

Then the chief spoke:

"Fellows," he said, with an appealing note in his voice—a voice that had much of the plaintive sound of the north wind, "there is a service to perform. This is the night before the birthday of our King. Millions will worship Him when the morning comes, but more, ignorant of its source, will seek to revel in the gladness which His coming brought and many millions more—" he went on.

"The nations of the world wait for that gladness. Once a year they seek to know the spirit and the significance of the Christmas time. They see vaguely what the carolling of angels and the song of shepherds was all about—and then forget. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'in the chaotic strivings of man's life he is not so much to blame.'

Silence profound. A stillness like unto the silence of the plains before the angels uttered their refrain of "Peace, on earth, good will toward men."

"Comrades," said the chief, "Aye!" answered the crowd in a note that had the shrill keenness of the winter wind and yet was warm with an eagerness to serve.

"Down, just below us, there are boys and girls dreaming of Santa Claus, and snow, and sleighs, and sleds. To some, your going would give life and zest and happiness to Christmas. You may stay here, or go to give them joy.

Think soberly before you make reply."

So hearty and so quick was the response that the results were almost blizzard like. Twisting and turning in fantastic ways they fell to earth, filled high the paths, and all but capped the fences, and almost blocked the roads.

When morning broke, a truly Christmas day, the world lay white as untouched marble. Such myriad flakes had fallen in the night that the ablest statistician could not guess how many, and, oh, what joy! Snowballs, snow men and sledding. And coasting, too, on yonder hill. Such healthy winter exercise, such ruddy cheeks, such mighty appetites!

Who would have thought so much of good a little snow had wrought?

An aggregation of tiny snowflakes was putting value into the sleds which Santa Claus brought and making of the day a real Christmas, in themselves, the little flakes scarcely counted at all, but in their united desire to give happiness to unnumbered boys and girls, they became a great power.

The chief had wireless communication with each of his humble subjects, of course.

When night fell he was eager to ascertain the feelings of his white crusaders, some of them crushed, beaten down and muddy, as a result of their service. Some would have thought it a hard day for them.

Nobody really thought of the white ground covering as an aggregate of individuals. They recognized no personality, and thought it merely "snow."

Yet in spite of the fact that billions of snow crystals were maimed and soiled and melted, as a result of their Christmas Day mission, the chief received many replies:

"We have given a child happiness, and would rather do that than stay in the clouds forever," said one:

"Enabled a boy to play with his old sled," said another, "and would not come back if we could."

"Has been a great Christmas. We have given much but have received full measure in return."

These and similar bulletins were posted in the court of the clouds, and every snowflake held in reserve felt a sense of regret that it had not been a participant in providing so much of the joy and jollity of Christmas. Only a snowflake!

Yes. But it rendered service. And this was the snowflake that was glad.

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A MATTER OF MONEY



He—I'm going to give you a Christmas present this year that no money can buy.

She—I prefer one that some money can buy.

Upon Christmas Day

By WILLIAM LUFF, in The Christian

A STAR peeped forth upon Christmas Eve, And told of that other Star: Whose beams shine bright, through the world's dark night, And scatter the shadows far.

A snowdrop bloomed upon Christmas Day, And told of that spotless flower: Whose perfume pure, should all frosts endure, And brighten Earth's wintry hour.

The bells rang out upon Christmas Day, And their message came a call To worship the Son of the Highest One, Who came with good will to all.

The holly berries on Christmas Day, Blushed red in their fadeless green: For their coral red, shewed the blood-drops shed, As they shone the barbed leaves between.

A feast was spread upon Christmas Day, And mirrored the feast He spread, Who was born that He might our Banquet be, The True and the Living Bread.

A son came home upon Christmas Day, A son from a far off land: And he told once more, of God's open door, The kiss and the welcoming Hand.

A babe was born upon Christmas Day, And the speechless infant told, Of the manger Child, that in beauty smiled, On that first glad day of old.

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Christmas Giving and Being Happy

How Yuletide Problem Was
Solved in Most Satisfactory Manner.

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

JOHN WARNER and his wife sat talking in the living room of their little bungalow until the clock on the mantel struck the midnight hour.

"Good gracious, John!" Ellen said, "I had no idea that it was so late."

"That's because you were so interested, dear," John answered; "when it comes to making plans for Betty you forget time and everything else."

Ellen reddened ever so slightly. She knew that what John said was true, for ever since Betty had come to them, now nearly six years ago, her whole life had been wrapped up in the child. Hers was such a passion of mother-love that sometimes she grew almost frightened at its intensity, and often when John had laughingly teased her about forgetting him for Betty her conscience smote her.

And now she had talked John into letting her buy the big doll that had been in Harwell's window since the holiday season opened.

John had tried to tell her that the small gifts they had already purchased would be enough for Betty, but finally he had given in to her pleading. She agreed with him that twenty dollars was a big sum to spend for a doll, but Betty was Betty and deserved it.

For the Warners were poor—not poor in the utter, abject poverty that flaunts its face to the world unshamed—but poor in the poverty that means worn and threadbare carpets, clothing grown thin and shiny from long usage, and a careful pausing before the spending of an unnecessary penny. Somehow, since Betty came they had never been able to get ahead; there was always something needed for Betty and she had always gotten it.

Next morning Ellen left the house early, with the wonderful twenty dollars in her purse. Betty had been left next door, all unconscious of the errand her mother was on. Half way to town two women entered the car and sat back of Ellen. They were of the loud, overbearing type of women, overdressed and contemptuous of those who possessed little of material things. Scraps of their conversation came to Ellen at times through the maze of her busy thoughts.

"I think it's perfectly awful, I do," one of them was saying, "the way some women do. It's really sinful in these days to be dowdy. A woman's got to wear good clothes to be anybody, and believe me, it's the dowdy women who walk alone."

"You've just said it," her companion answered. "As I tell George when he kicks about the bills, a woman has got to dress nowadays or get nothing out of life."

The words sank into Ellen's brain as her eyes were scanning an advertisement at a crossing: "Be fair to yourself, buy your millinery at Madam Courteau's." And as other words of that ilk floated back from the women they began to stir up a queer feeling inside of Ellen Warner.

Her glance traveled to her dress, her shabby, mended gloves, and her face began to burn as she thought of the little hat she was wearing. She tried to shake off the feeling that was upon her and to get her mind back on her mission, but somehow everything seemed different now in the light of the strange unrest that was filling her heart. "Was she a little fool, as these women had said. Was she fair to herself? Had she, in the little mean things that were her everyday portion and which until now had seemed to her veritable things of delight, cheated herself out of all that meant so much to other women? Had she really been fair to herself in sacrificing so much for her child?"

The car pulled up with a jerk. She alighted quickly and made her way toward Harwell's. Suddenly she stopped short. A sign overhead caught her eye: "Be fair to yourself—buy your millinery at Madam Courteau's." Then her gaze traveled to the window with its array of tempting millinery. And as she gazed her breath began to come quickly, her hands to open and close with nervous, twitching movements. For a little hat in a dull shade of blue caught her eye. She was gazing at it fascinated, for as the sun outshines the stars, so to Ellen did this particular hat eclipse all the others in the window. Somehow, it seemed to her at that moment as if she had been wanting a hat like that all her life. The little pink rosebuds that nestled around the crown seemed to call and beckon to her, and almost before she realized what she was doing she was inside the store and asking to see the hat. The saleslady, with all the art that was hers, placed it with a skillful touch on Ellen's head. And as Ellen looked in the great mirror she saw a face that was flushed to a rose-pink with excitement, and above it the much-wanted hat, which seemed to be a very part of herself, so thoroughly becoming it was. She wanted the hat so bad! The soft, lovely colors brought out all the charm of her fair loveliness and she thought how much John would like to see her as she looked now. The thought of her husband brought another thought to her, too. Perhaps all these years, while they had been sacrificing and skimping, he, too, had wished for and wanted many things. Surely he must have! Not, perhaps, things like women cared for, but other little luxuries that many of her friends had. She remembered now how longingly he had often looked toward the golf links—what a big thing it would be if Christmas would bring him the things necessary to play the game. The city maintained a free course not far from their home. And if she wanted so badly to spend twenty dollars for a hat, surely John, who was seeing and hearing things every day, must often have wanted something pretty badly, too. She thought now how wonderful he had always been—never a word of complaint, but always cheery and happy. She realized now, with a bitter feeling at her heart, that she had not been fair to him—she had given their child more than her share of the little they had. But from now on things were going to be different—John must have the best. Betty had many years ahead to enjoy things, and besides she realized now it did not take expensive gifts to please children.

With hands that trembled Ellen reached up and took the hat from her head and, not daring to look at it again, hurriedly left the store.

That Christmas was a very happy one for the Warners. For, although Betty did not get the big doll, she seemed just as pleased and happy as a child could well be. And Ellen felt a new glow at her heart when she presented John with his Christmas gift, for he was as jubilant as a boy about it. Her sacrifice had been indeed worth while—what did a becoming hat matter when put beside the happiness she felt just now?

But the good Christmas fairy must have been watching all, for an hour later John's boss called up to wish him a merry Christmas and to tell him that Old Man Jinson was going to resign and that John would have his place. A wonderful Christmas surprise it was, for it meant an extra five hundred a year to the Warners. Which made it probable that Ellen got her much-wanted hat, after all.

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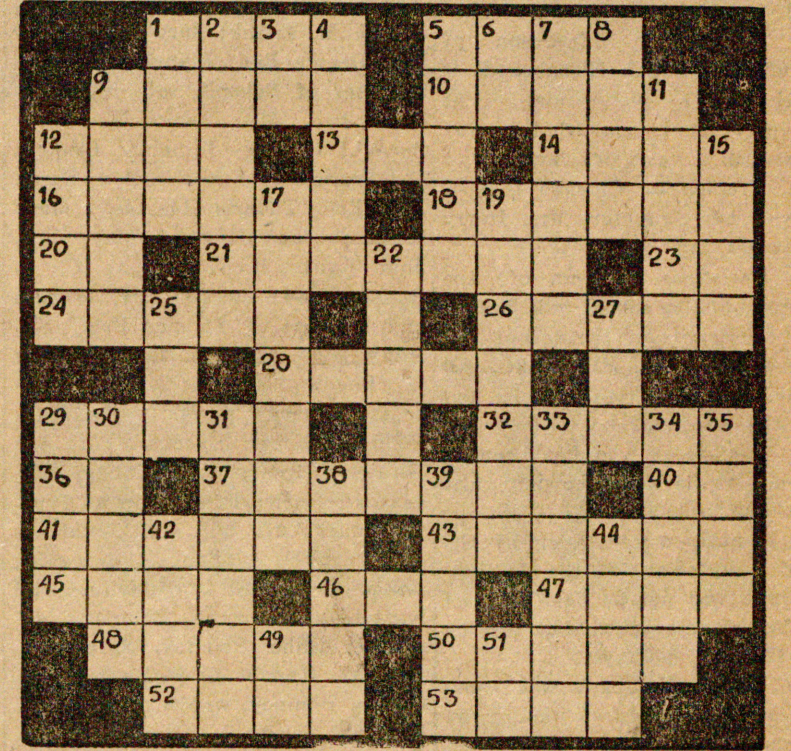
THE MISTLETOE

"NO MISTLETOE is needed if the heart is in the right place," people say. But neither is there any real need for a Christmas tree, a special Christmas dinner, a worn-out feeling from doing too much around the Christmas season. There is no actual need of all this. Yet if it were not for all these there would be less happiness and more and more happiness is always needed.

So do not discard the mistletoe. There may be love without it, but it lends a romance, a charm of its own that no heart can dispense with.—Mary Graham Bonner.

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CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(Copyright, 1925.)

Horizontal.

- 1—Level
- 2—A name for a cat
- 3—A kind of illumination
- 4—To lead to seats in a theatre
- 5—A long narrow cut
- 6—Every one of
- 7—A certain quantity of paper
- 8—One who makes or sells hats
- 9—Position in golf
- 10—Either
- 11—Pertaining to the east
- 12—A suffix denoting agency
- 13—Dresses in
- 14—Any official decree or proclamation
- 15—Presses
- 16—A pronoun
- 17—Pertaining to the tides
- 18—The fourth and second vowels of the alphabet
- 19—Sorts of brotherhoods among the ancient Jews
- 20—Regarding (abbr.)
- 21—Remission or payment back
- 22—Standards of perfection
- 23—To prepare for publication
- 24—Part of a circle
- 25—Employers
- 26—Vapor
- 27—Bodies of old wrecked or dismantled ships
- 28—A current of air or water running contrary to the regular current
- 29—Consumes

Vertical.

- 1—To pass from one place to another
- 2—Later
- 3—Part of the verb "to be"
- 4—Drops of water shed in weeping
- 5—Throbbing
- 6—You and me
- 7—Became smaller in size after washing
- 8—Beheld
- 9—To burn with an unsteady flame
- 10—Speed contests
- 11—To exhibit

- 15—Simple
- 17—Most simple
- 18—Had faith in
- 22—A pronoun
- 25—Part of the verb "to be"
- 27—Also
- 28—Ripped
- 29—Pays attention
- 31—Arranged in seats
- 33—In an Arthurian romance, either of two women beloved by Tristan
- 34—A city in France on the Rhone river
- 35—A smaller amount
- 38—Full of joints
- 39—A recess in a wall for a statue
- 42—To attack with the teeth
- 44—Requests
- 49—An advertisement (abbr.)
- 51—Underwriting account (abbr.)

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.



HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

NURSERY RHYME PUZZLE



LITTLE Miss Lilly
Looks awfully silly

Dressed up in her mother's best clothes.

If she doesn't take care

She may trip on the stair,

Or fall down and bump her small nose.

Find three other persons. Left side down, on skirt. Upper right corner down, on skirt and parasol. Right side down, along arm.

FRANKFORT

Mrs. Tillie Bettenhausen entertained the Pinocchio Club at her home Friday afternoon. Cards were played at three tables, prizes going to Mrs. George Schneider and Mrs. Homer Smith. Refreshments were served.

Ray Eisenbrandt, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eisenbrandt is ill with double pneumonia. At last reports he is somewhat improved, but still a very sick boy.

Mrs. Treppich of Chicago is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Balcowsky this week.

The Christmas program of the Frankfort public school will be given by the pupils at the school on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23rd. All are invited to see Santa Claus and enjoy the program.

Rev. Lambrecht who has been ill for sometime is not showing any change in his condition.

The monthly coffee given by the Ladies Aid Society of the St. Peter's church will not be held the last Thursday of this month but will be held after the holidays.

Miss Evelyn Hoesbach was surprised at her home last Sunday by relatives and school mates in honor of her 14th birthday. Games were played, the hours were from 2 to 6 o'clock. Supper was served. The young hostess received many gifts and all reported a merry time. The guests wished her many happy returns of the day. The rooms were prettily decorated in Xmas colors.

Herbert Fulkers, Chas. Pfeiffer, Edward Hake and William Kampen went to Chicago Heights Sunday afternoon in company with the Ashland band. They had their picture taken at the Heising Studio. The band expects to give several concerts at Chicago Heights in the very near future. Dates will be announced later.

Mrs. Fred Marti who has been ill for several months remains about the same.

John Bettenhausen who has been very ill for several weeks is improving.

Harold Heiser resigned his job at Balchowsky's store and started to work in the garage of Heiser, Magor, and Geuther.

Lelura Dietrich is clerking at the Balchowsky store for the Xmas holidays.

Robert Mitchell who was ill with pneumonia is improved but still has to remain in bed for another week.

Mrs. Knight had her Xmas program at her school in the country 4 miles southeast of town Friday afternoon.

Want Advs.

FOR SALE—
10 Shetland Ponies, 8 good young work horses, 20 brood sows, 1 dog.
Ed. Ryan, Tinley Park, Ill. Tel. Tinley Park 33-32.

FOR SALE—China cabinet and library table. Mrs. Jacob Knupp, Mokena, Ill.

FOR SALE—Baled and loose hay ear corn and 1 Toulouse gander. J. R. Butler, Mokena, Ill. Tel. 52 R1

Cleaners & Dyers**Joliet Steam****Dye House**

JAMES STRAKA & CO.

652-654 Cass St., Joliet.

Telephone—1444

We call every day. Leave orders at the following places.

Mokena
G. M. Kraus, Walter Fisher, and Sipple Store.

Frankfort
Walter Pfaff

New Lenox
Archie Corp and Amos Bruns

Tinley Park
Walter Mancke

WE DELIVER FREE

Advertising

in this paper will bring good returns on the money invested

Average Air Consumption
In the case of a normal person about one cubic foot of air, wetting in all cases, three pounds, once through the lungs, every 30 seconds.

CHANCERY NOTICE

State of Illinois,
County of Will—ss:
Circuit Court of Will County,
January Term, A. D. 1926.
William Stoner and Frank Smiley
vs.

William S. Welch, Trustee of the Estate of Robert D. Roe, Bankrupt; Joseph M. Shenk; Jacob Glos; Robert Dennis Roe; Blanche C. Roe, Trustees of Schools of Township Thirty-two (32), Range Nine (9), in Will County, Illinois; Frances (or Francis or Francis) Roe; Sarah Ann Roe; Thomas Roe, Jr.; Mary Reilly; Sarah Hoover; May Roe; June Twitt; Richard Roe; C. J. Roe; unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Thomas Roe, Sr.; Henry Roe, Charles Roe, Thomas G. Roe and Harriet R. Roe, deceased; Charles K. McHarg and G. Pomeroy Keese, Executors of the Estate of Henry F. Phinney, deceased; Charles K. McHarg as Trustee under Last Will and Testament of Henry F. Phinney, deceased; unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Henry F. Phinney, deceased; Elihu Phinney, Sarah S. Phinney, Harriet B. McHarg; Caroline M. Phinney, widow of Henry F. Phinney, deceased; Annie W. Phinney; unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Elihu Phinney deceased; Henry Phinney, Eliza Phinney, Daniel A. Baldwin, Abbey Ann Baldwin, Elmy (or Elmsley) Sunderlin (or Sunderlin), Sarah Sunderlin, Francis G. Blanchard; unknown owners of and unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of any deceased person, who may have been interested previous to his or her death in Real Estate described as the North East Quarter of Section Twenty-one (21) in Township Thirty-two (32) North and in Range Nine (9) East of the Third Principal Meridian in Will County, Illinois.

Bill in Chancery, No. 32885.

Notice is hereby given to each and all of the above named defendants that the above named complainants heretofore filed their bill of complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the Term of the Circuit Court of Will County, to be held at the Court House in the City of Joliet, in said Will County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1926, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

Paul V. Wunder, Clerk.
Or & Brumund,
Complainants' Solicitors
Joliet, Ill., December 3rd, A. D. 1925.

12-4-11-18-24.

CHANCERY NOTICE

State of Illinois,
County of Will—ss:
Circuit Court of Will County,
January Term, A. D. 1926.

Daniel M. Ghilain as executor of the estate of Felicien Francois Ghilain, deceased, and Frank Smiley
vs.

William B. Higgins, Elizabeth Higgins, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Bernard H. Higgins, deceased; J. D. Downing, Ellen Downing, Robert Dennis Roe, Blanche Roe, William Henry Roe as trustee and as executor of the Estate of Henry Roe, deceased; the unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Henry Roe, deceased; and Harriet Rachel Roe, deceased; Charles John Roe or C. J. Roe, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Charles Roe, deceased; Charles C. Roe, Francis Roe, Richard Roe, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Richard Roe, deceased; June Twitt (or Twitts), William J. Twitt (or Twitts), May (or Mary) Roe Powell, George Powell, George A. Barr, Mary S. Barr, J. Bert Miller and Lillian B. Miller, John Howard, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of John Howard, deceased; Sarah Roe Howard; Mary Roe Relling (or Relling), Henry Relling (or Relling), Thomas Roe, Jr., Elizabeth Roe, Sarah Ann Roe, widow of Thomas Roe, deceased; unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Thomas Roe and Sarah Ann Roe, deceased; Ella Schimmels, Catherine Schimmels; unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Thomas G. Roe, deceased; Elizabeth (or Mary Elizabeth) Quiring Bond (or Bonds) Guenther, Peter Schimmels, Frank Schimmels, William Guenther for William J. Guenther; Annie Engels (or Engeler), Michael Engels (or Engeler); Catherine (or Katharine) Quiring; unknown heirs

at law, devisees and legatees of Catherine (or Katharine) Quiring and John Quiring, deceased; John Quiring, son of John Quiring, deceased; Catherine (or Katharine) Quiring, executrix Last Will and Testament of John Quiring, deceased; Rodick B. Young, Matilda Young, Shafar Young, William Young, Maria Young, Laura A. Young, Hiram Campbell, Dorothy Campbell, Curtis D. Hawley, Harriet A. Hawley, August Abraham, Dorothea Abraham, Emma Potter (Clark, John Clark, James G. Stacy; Emma Stacy, Mahlon D. Ogden, Nicholas Plack, William McGinnis, Elash McGinnis, Frank Afting, Wash (formerly Washah, St. Louis, Railroad Company, a Corporation (formerly Washah, St. Louis, and Pacific Railway Company); the unknown owners of and the unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of any deceased person who may have been interested previous to his or her death in the real estate described as: The North Half of the South East Quarter of Section Twenty-one (21) and the West half of the South West Quarter of the South East Quarter of said Section Twenty-one (21), in Township thirty-two (32) North and in Range Nine (9) East of the Third Principal Meridian, in Will County, Illinois.

Bill in Chancery, No. 32881.

Notice is hereby given to each and all of the above named defendants that the above named complainants heretofore filed their bill of complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the Term of the Circuit Court of Will County, to be held at the Court House in the City of Joliet, in said Will County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1926, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

Paul V. Wunder, Clerk.
Or & Brumund,
Complainants' Solicitors
Joliet, Ill., December 3rd, A. D. 1925.

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Circuit Court of Will County,
January Term, A. D. 1926.

Daniel M. Ghilain as executor of the estate of Felicien Francois Ghilain, deceased, and Frank Smiley
vs.

William B. Higgins, Elizabeth Higgins, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Bernard H. Higgins, deceased; J. D. Downing, Ellen Downing, Robert Dennis Roe, Blanche Roe, William Henry Roe as trustee and as executor of the Estate of Henry Roe, deceased; the unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Henry Roe, deceased; and Harriet Rachel Roe, deceased; Charles John Roe or C. J. Roe, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Charles Roe, deceased; Charles C. Roe, Francis Roe, Richard Roe, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Richard Roe, deceased; June Twitt (or Twitts), William J. Twitt (or Twitts), May (or Mary) Roe Powell, George Powell, George A. Barr, Mary S. Barr, J. Bert Miller and Lillian B. Miller, John Howard, unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of John Howard, deceased; Sarah Roe Howard; Mary Roe Relling (or Relling), Henry Relling (or Relling), Thomas Roe, Jr., Elizabeth Roe, Sarah Ann Roe, widow of Thomas Roe, deceased; unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Thomas Roe and Sarah Ann Roe, deceased; Ella Schimmels, Catherine Schimmels; unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of Thomas G. Roe, deceased; Elizabeth (or Mary Elizabeth) Quiring Bond (or Bonds) Guenther, Peter Schimmels, Frank Schimmels, William Guenther for William J. Guenther; Annie Engels (or Engeler), Michael Engels (or Engeler); Catherine (or Katharine) Quiring; unknown heirs

at law, devisees and legatees of Catherine (or Katharine) Quiring and John Quiring, deceased; John Quiring, son of John Quiring, deceased; Catherine (or Katharine) Quiring, executrix Last Will and Testament of John Quiring, deceased; Rodick B. Young, Matilda Young, Shafar Young, William Young, Maria Young, Laura A. Young, Hiram Campbell, Dorothy Campbell, Curtis D. Hawley, Harriet A. Hawley, August Abraham, Dorothea Abraham, Emma Potter (Clark, John Clark, James G. Stacy; Emma Stacy, Mahlon D. Ogden, Nicholas Plack, William McGinnis, Elash McGinnis, Frank Afting, Wash (formerly Washah, St. Louis, Railroad Company, a Corporation (formerly Washah, St. Louis, and Pacific Railway Company); the unknown owners of and the unknown heirs at law, devisees and legatees of any deceased person who may have been interested previous to his or her death in the real estate described as: The North Half of the South East Quarter of Section Twenty-one (21) and the West half of the South West Quarter of the South East Quarter of said Section Twenty-one (21), in Township thirty-two (32) North and in Range Nine (9) East of the Third Principal Meridian, in Will County, Illinois.

Bill in Chancery, No. 32877.

Notice is hereby given to each and all of the above named defendants that the above named complainants heretofore filed their bill of complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the Term of the Circuit Court of Will County, to be held at the Court House in the City of Joliet, in said Will County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1926, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

Or & Brumund,
Complainants' Solicitors
Joliet, Ill., December 2nd, A. D. 1925.

12-4, 11, 18, 24

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The Winston Motor Company, distributors for Dodge Brothers Motor Vehicles and Graham Brothers Trucks in Will County, wish to establish a selling agency in Mokena and the country around. Dodge Brothers recent announcement of a tremendous price reduction in all of their motor vehicles, and the increased popularity of Graham Brothers Trucks, will enable the representative in Mokena to start and operate a profitable business during 1926. We would like to have applications from any reliable, honest resident of Mokena, who might be interested in representing us.

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COMMANDMENTS**

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This Picture is one of the
GREATEST ever produced.
It contains one of the finest
lessons ever shown on the
Screen.

MARLEY

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Marshall were
Sunday guests at the Ed. Hayden
home at Manhattan.

A Christmas program will be
given by the Junior members of
the Sunday School at the Marley
church on Wednesday evening at
7:30 o'clock. A tree will be in
evidence well loaded with gifts. Santa
Claus is expected without a doubt
if the promised snow stays on the
ground to insure him no delay
with his reindeer and sled.

Mrs. H. Sabin was an Xmas shop-
per in Chicago one day last week.
J. O. Marshall made a business
trip to Chicago Monday.

W. H. Frye of Joliet was a Sun-
day visitor at the Ed. Marshall
home.

Mrs. G. V. Bacon of Chicago
spent the week end at the Jesse
Marshall home.

Miss Hazel Cutler is employed in
Joliet during the holiday rush.

The Marley Missionary Society
was entertained at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. Louis Sass on Thursday of
last week. Dinner was served at
noon to a good number including
several visitors.

Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Brown were
Joliet visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Peterson
spent Sunday at the home of the
former's father in Plattville.



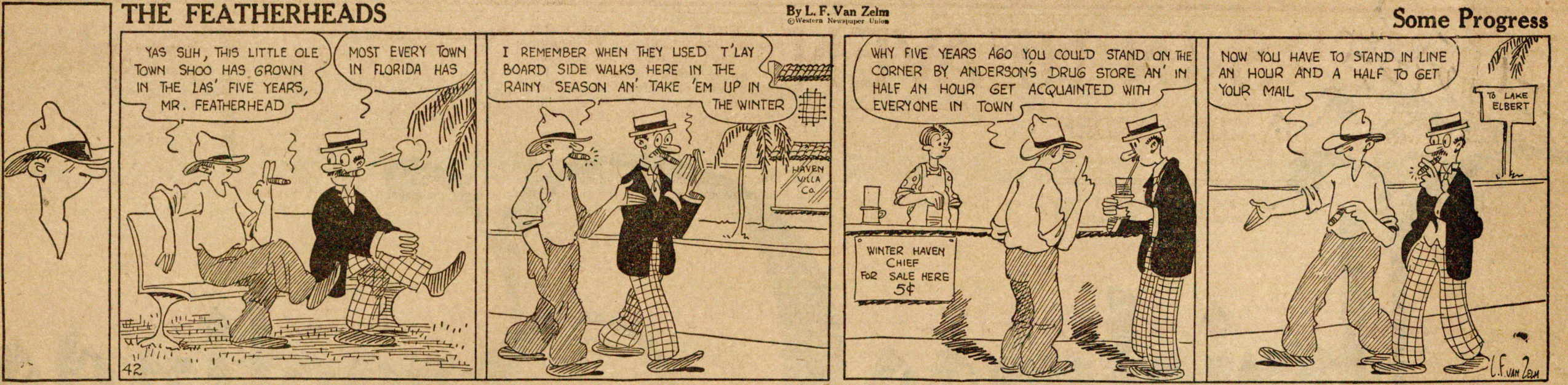
"... and Three Wise Men
came out of the East bearing gifts
of Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh."

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zelm
© Western Newspaper Union

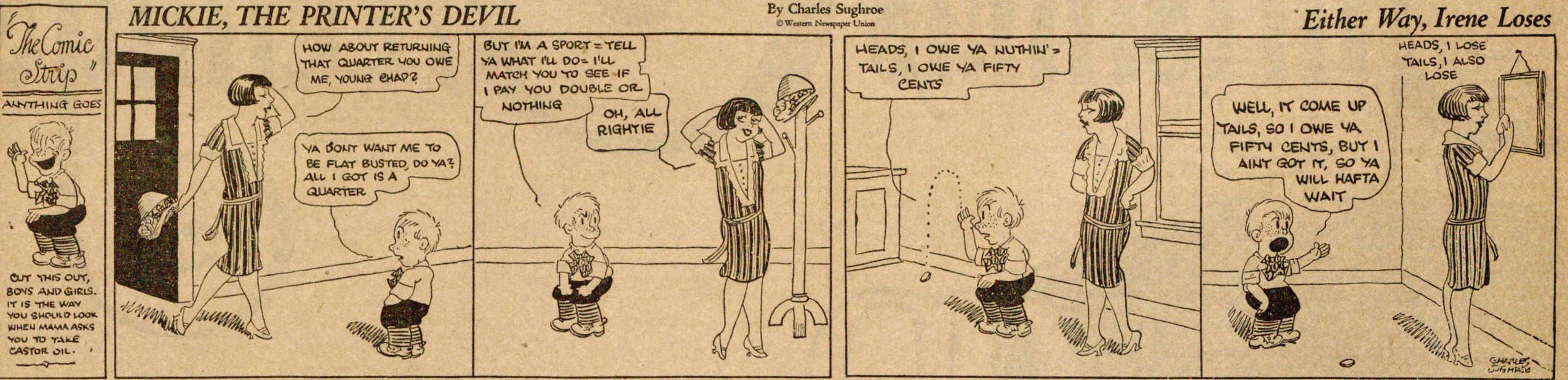
Some Progress



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue
© Western Newspaper Union

Either Way, Irene Loses

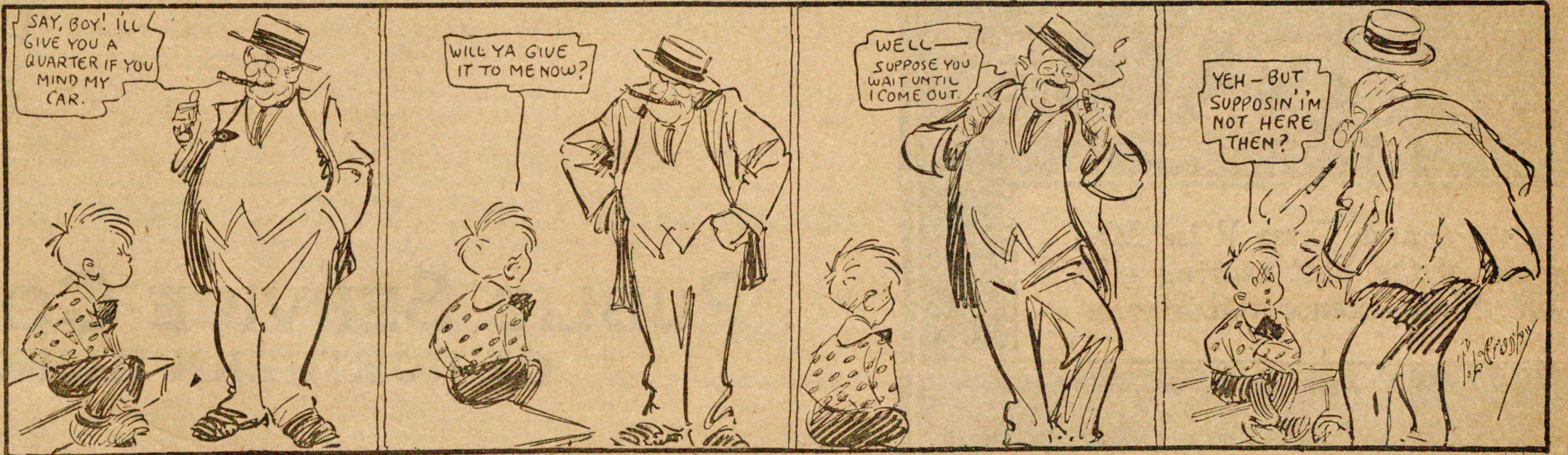
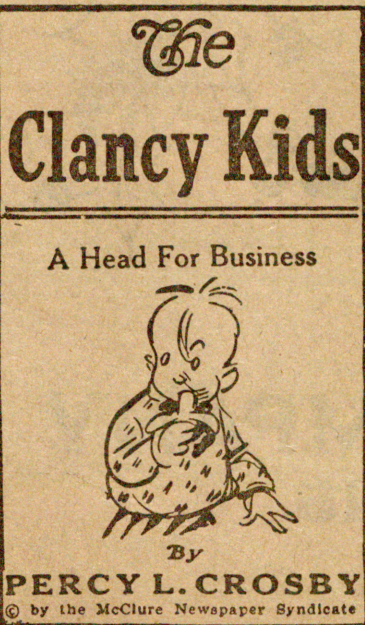
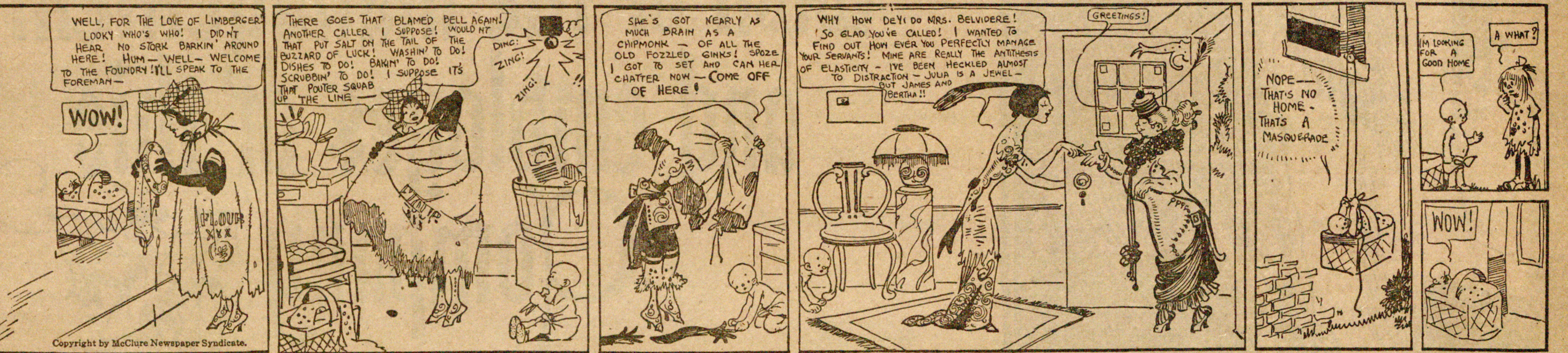


Plain Enough

Our Pet Peeve



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



SINNERS IN HEAVEN

PART FOUR
—15—
Broken Harmony

By CLIVE ARDEN

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Miss Davies, Mrs. Stockley's only remaining sister, placed a marker in her book; then laid it down upon a small table. Her face assumed the complacent expression of one about to perform a pleasant duty in accordance with her conscience.

"I think," she observed decisively, "Hugh should be warned."

Mrs. Stockley glanced up from the stole she was embroidering. "About what?" she asked.

"Barbara."

Her sister made a gesture of annoyance, which caused her to prick her finger; this increased her irritation.

"I wish you would for once be explicit, Mary! You have thrown out dark hints about Barbara ever since we heard of her rescue. Why should Hugh be warned?"

"Are you so stupidly dense as you appear, Alice? Or are you willfully blinding yourself?"

"I am no more stupid than the rest of my family, I hope!" snapped Mrs. Stockley, with much meaning.

"Well, then," continued her sister, ignoring this improbability, "you must realize that Barbara will most likely return—very changed. Indeed, from her one letter there seems no doubt about it. That was queer—very queer!"

Mrs. Stockley impatiently hunted among bundles of colored silks. "Of course she will be changed. She is two years older and has suffered ghastly experiences. She was very ill at Singapore; you couldn't expect long chatty letters!"

She spoke with unusual asperity. Two years of her sister's undiluted companionship had increased an inherent instinct toward contradiction, while developing a self-defensive alertness. Both were necessary in the radius of two sharp eyes ever quizzing through their lorgnette, two ears which seemingly reached all over the house, and a caustic tongue ready to reduce other people's foibles or few ideas to shreds. Such gifts used at the expense of common acquaintances are a different matter, of course.

"Ah!" Miss Davies returned to the promptings of conscience with renewed relish. "You are as blind as Hugh, Alice. I saw him this afternoon, quite excited over meeting her tomorrow. He wants to have the wedding after Christmas . . . of course it was not my business to say anything!"

Whether this self-discipline could have been maintained had not other people been present, is open to question.

"You don't understand Bab as well as Hugh and I do, you see," returned her sister complacently.

"No," she agreed, "but I understand Man!" Her lips closed with a snap, to give effect to the world of meaning in her words. "Don't you realize, Alice, that Barbara was attractive? And she has been flung, unchaperoned, for two years, into the society of a man who—well—had extremely loose ideas, and Bohemian ways—a man whose influence would be most questionable for any young girl."

Mrs. Stockley flushed. "Are you insinuating that Bab would be weak enough to allow him to influence her? After her careful upbringing, too? Why—looseness of any sort would be abhorrent to her! Her surroundings have always been strictly moral."

"I don't insinuate anything; but I wouldn't trust that man far, in such circumstances! We have yet to learn how he behaved."

"She did not allude to him in her letter."

"No. But—she did her utmost to get taken back to search for his body! Surely her chief desire should have been to hurry home to Hugh?"

Mrs. Stockley smiled impatiently. "You are making mountains from molehills, Mary! She did that purely from humanitarian motives; it was only right and natural. Hugh thought so. He liked Captain Croft."

"Hugh is too trustful; that's why I am sorry for him. Frankly, Alice, I do not believe a man and woman could live in such isolation without coming to grief. I have seen too much of human nature—"

"My dear Mary! what do you mean? You don't—"

Her sister held up a dignified hand to stop all interruption. "You must face it, Alice! Everybody is talking and wondering. Of course, it depends entirely upon the man. I don't imply that all men are beasts—as some women would have had seen as much of the world as I have. If he had a strong spiritual nature—a clergyman, perhaps. But that man!" She pursed her lips.

Mrs. Stockley gazed at her, her own face paling, her finger twitching the forgotten stole.

"Coming to grief!" she repeated, horrified. "Do you dare suggest my daughter would so disgrace her name and family as to allow—My dear Mary! it is preposterous! I would disown such a child. But Barbara! Why, I would trust her alone with any man, for forty years! She wouldn't dream of such things. Besides, Captain Croft was Mrs. Field's cousin, of good family himself—"

Martha, the old servant, hustled in at this moment with bedroom candles. She plumped them down upon the table, and her old face beamed at an excuse for garrulity over Barbara's return. When, snubbed, she departed,

Mrs. Stockley faced her sister, candle in hand, with an air of outraged dignity.

"Mary," she said, "your conversation tonight has shocked me inexpressibly! I insist on your never breathing a word of your suspicions—either to Hugh or Barbara. If she has any—painful memories—she will confide in me. Of course, I did not know Captain Croft well, nor like him; but—poor child! Her sufferings may have been worse than I ever imagined. Good night!"

With unusual decision she opened the drawing room door, and went to bed. But she lay long awake thinking over her sister's remarks. One alone stood out clearly, gathering force with every minute: "Everybody is talking and wondering."

Everybody eagerly devoured all scraps of news; but the supply was scanty. After being brought to Singapore, the heroine remained there, ill, unable to be moved for a time. . . . A certain reticence surrounded this illness, prostration being given as the natural cause. No trace of a white man's body was found by the expedition sent, post-haste, to search the island. Only the charred remains of a hut, and a few dead natives, were discovered in the north. In the south, a small tribe of furious, armed savages offered a wildly hostile reception, making approach difficult, refusing any information other than a poisoned arrow. . . . Baboona had presumably recovered and wreaked his vengeance upon the body of his late antagonist.

When well enough, the girl had implored frantically, as one distraught, for facilities to return, herself, to search. This awakened a new interest, adding piquancy to the situation. But



Impatience Was a Novelty.

such quixotic madness could not be indulged by level-headed authorities. What could a girl accomplish where hosts of men had failed? No! The island had been thoroughly explored. The hostile faction of the natives was in possession; her return would be mere suicide, or worse. She was sent to England as soon as practicable.

But the De Borceau brothers, ever thirsting for adventure, understanding perhaps more of her sufferings and the true facts than they chose to publish, carried out to the end their oath to Croft. Only on the boat did they bid her farewell—then they returned to their charts and their seaplane. Nothing save death, so they vowed to her, in their exuberant French fashion, should deter them from learning final news of the man whose personality had won their generous admiration.

The key to more intimate, romantic drama was not forthcoming. Speculation flourished. What would be likely to happen in such circumstances? Would propinquity bring love in its train? And, if so—This entailed endless discussion, heated arguments. What would be right, and what wrong? Which would need most courage: to resist or—There were women who thought the reverse.

The fact of the girl being already engaged shed a further glamor of the dramatic over the adventure, making the uncertainty all the greater. Perhaps no problem had arisen after all. . . . But if it had? Did the two themselves have clear convictions on either side; and, above all, courage to be true to them?

This was the vital point all longed to know. The pair became invested with romance. . . . Women laid their heads together and wondered. . . . Dark surmises were murmured concerning that illness at Singapore. . . . Sentimental girls forgot their matinee or cinema idols and lost Croft's photograph out of newspapers, half-wishing they themselves had been wrecked with him. . . .

Meanwhile, through the darkness of winter nights and drabness of monotonous days, the ship plowed her way to England which bore one from the closed gates of an "earthly paradise," with agonized eyes still dazzled by the

lights she had left there, to trim the little lamps of her Darbury home.

II

The boat train was late.

Little groups of people, wrapped in heavy coats and furs, stood about the platform at Charing Cross chatting together; or promenaded slowly, eying their fellows with furtive interest, or absorbed in their own reflections.

Hugh became convinced that both the station clock and his wrist-watch had stopped; yet the watch appeared to be ticking when, every few moments, he exclaimed it. He sighed, turned on his heel, and for the twentieth time started to walk the length of the platform and back. Impatience was a novelty, also the state of excitement in which he found himself; he hardly knew how to cope with such sensations. . . .

Two years in his usual comfortable groove had changed Hugh very little. He managed his father's property, hunted, shot, played games, as of yore. If the tragic loss of Barbara had taken the keen edge from his enjoyment of life, making him a little older and graver, it had not destroyed his interests in the wholesome occupations which came his way. After the first shock had abated, he found himself a forlorn hero among his many friends, who took him to their hearts and filled his days so that brooding became impossible. Perhaps more than mere sympathy lurked within the minds of mothers with marriageable daughters; but that suspicion never penetrated his brain. The girl who was part of his very life had gone; to none other did he give a moment's thought.

And now this Twentieth century miracle had happened! After what seemed a dull dream he awoke just where he was, when, so to speak, he fell asleep. His feelings were absolutely unchanged, except, perhaps, that they were intensified by loss. The possibility of any alteration in their relationship never even occurred to him. As has been mentioned before, he was not blessed—or cursed—with imagination. . . .

When he had nearly reached the barrier, a sudden tension became apparent everywhere: conversations ceased, heads all turned one way, a flutter of expectancy passed over the scattered groups. . . .

Hugh turned quickly. The huge engine, approaching, glided slowly alongside the platform, followed by the train which brought far travelers home again from distant lands. . . .

Within a few minutes all was bustle and hurry. The platform swarmed with excited passengers, harassed porters, barrows, luggage. . . .

He searched hither and thither for the figure he sought, anxiety slowly rising within him. As the crowd thinned, he took up his position just inside the barrier, where she was bound to come. Peering through the murky light, he hastily scanned each face that passed, without success. When at last but a few stragglers remained, he made his way further down the platform a dull feeling of disappointment adding to his anxiety.

Casually his glance traveled over a thin figure in a dark coat and hat, seated upon a bench, a kindly, gray-haired porter standing near, suitcase in hand. . . . As he passed by, a voice he had once thought never to hear again gazed him to turn sharply, with a leap of the heart.

"I shall be better in a minute. . . . Thank you, porter. . . ."

"Bab!" With probably the quickest movement of his life, Hugh reached the seat and seized the girl's trembling hands in his own. . . . Then all other words of greeting faded upon his lips; he was conscious of a sense of shock, a nameless apprehension.

The general features of the face quickly raised were those he knew; but that was all. This woman with the heavy, haunted-looking eyes, the strained set lips, the curious rigidity of expression, bore no resemblance to the sweet-faced, impulsive girl who had clung round his neck at parting, in the cabin of the airplane. He felt checked, curiously embarrassed, as if with a stranger. Still clasping her hands, he gazed at her silently, noting with alarm the ashen hue spreading even to her lips.

Several times she essayed to speak, and failed. The porter, scenting romance, discreetly moved a few steps away. . . . At last Hugh heard his name uttered, again and again, in a voice so charged with misery that his apprehensions deepened, and a sudden mistiness enveloped the surrounding scene. For she was clinging to his hands like one in deep torment who, for the first time amid a storm of suffering, finds the anchor of an old friend. . . . And yet he received the impression of fear in her manner; she seemed loath to meet his gaze, unable to talk to him. . . . He was frankly puzzled; but an Englishman, with his horror of scenes, can be trusted to bridge over any threatening chasms.

Sending the porter for a taxi, he sat down by her side, still holding her hands, and took refuge in the prosaic. "Come and have some tea—or brandy—or something, Bab," he suggested. "There's just time."

She shook her head.

"But—you—dash it all! You don't look fit to travel. What is it, dear?"

"I—shall be all right," she breathed. "We had a bad crossing. I—caught cold. That's all, Hugh."

He watched her with puckered brow.

"What made you leave the boat at Marseilles and come overland?"

"I hated it!" she cried huskily, freeing her hands. "It was all—unbearable—day after day—the monotony, the people—oh! I hated it all!" Her eyes roved wildly over the platform, then she abruptly turned toward him. "I want Mrs. Field. Is she in London, or at Darbury?"

"Neither. She's in Russia."

The girl's hands twined convulsively together, and she said no more. It was a relief to both when the porter appeared to lead them to the waiting taxi. By this sudden act of traveling overland, she had successfully thwarted publicity. No curiosity was evinced in her arrival. She sank back in a corner, with throbbing head, bewildered by the noise around. It all seemed part of the nightmare which had been going on for so long, in which various parts of her anatomy moved, spoke, ate and slept, while she herself was numbed or dead. The movements around appeared as unreal and detached as the life of a gay city to one lying, blind and pain-stricken, in a darkened room.

Hugh turned to put his arms about her, as they drove away—but again something intangible checked him; instead, he took her hand once more, almost shyly, and leaned toward her. "Bab," he asked diffidently, "won't you—aren't you going to kiss me? After all this time?"

She drew away quickly, sharply. For a moment she laid her hand upon the door, with the mad instinct to escape which some trapped animal might feel on its way to the zoo, its heart ever away in the wilds with its lost mate. . . . Then, drawing a long quivering breath, she leaned back and looked up at him. In the light from passing vehicles, she saw the hurt wonder on his face. . . .

All at once the cold rigidity encompassing her heart relaxed. With trembling lips, and eyes swimming in sudden tears, she laid her free hand on his.

"Hughie!" she muttered brokenly, "you must bear with me. So much has happened. I have to tell you. . . . I—I'm not—I don't—" The words quavered away into silence. How was it possible, at this first moment of meeting, to blurt out the bald statements which would shatter his pathetic happiness and trust? She could not bear, yet, to allude to what had become a sacred memory full of poignant, exquisite pain. "I can't tell you everything—here," she continued. "Oh! I can't speak of it all—yet, Hugh! Don't ask me. It—it is so—unbearable!" Again her voice died away.

Hugh pressed the hands in his, and laid them against his cheek.

"Darling old girl! Has it been as bad as all that?"

He had, she knew, entirely misunderstood; but she made no comment. Explanations were impossible, just then. This meeting, fraught with such irony and tragedy, had bewildered her. Hugh's presence, with its present strangeness and odd sense of familiarity, brought with it a sense of shock, reducing her preconceived ideas of it to chaos.

When they reached Waterloo, she nerved herself to put the question she scarcely dared to frame—that which was her only interest in life at present.

"Has any news reached England—yet—from De Borceau?"

Hugh looked grave and shook his head.

"Of—Croft, you mean? No. Poor fellow. . . . I suppose—I say—Bab—"

"Yes?"

"I suppose—I've sometimes wondered—was Croft quite—decent to you, all the time?"

A harsh caricature of a laugh jarred on his ears.

"Yes. Oh! Quite—decent!"

Hugh knitted his brow at her tone.

"You are sure? He—looked after you, I mean, and did all he could?"

"Oh, yes, yes! He—did all he possibly could."

"It was a beastly position for you both. Especially as you didn't like him—"

"Here's the station!" she exclaimed, with a quick breath of relief. The taxi drew up at the pavement, and a porter opened the door. . . .

The train was rather full; but the presence of others in their carriage was a boon to Barbara. Hugh had sunk so far into the background that, in her recent anguish, the consideration of their position had held no place. Robbed with such cruel suddenness of both Alan and her future motherhood, there had been no room, in the bitterness of her heart, for thoughts of the empty years ahead. Every throb of the engines bringing her away increased the passionate craving to return—to search every nook and corner of the island for remains of the man who meant more than life to her; then to lie down beside them and die, herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Wonderful Baby

"Now, then, ladies and gents," shouted the rosy-faced showman, "walk up an' see the most wonderful baby on earth! The charge for admission is only sixpence. Walk up! Walk up!"

A good many people responded to the invitation, and when the place was full the showman brought forward a very ordinary baby indeed in all respects.

"What is there wonderful about it?" asked one of the disgusted audience of the showman. "I've seen thousands of babies like it."

"Well," said the showman, getting near an aperture in the booth, "all I can say is that its mother says it's the most wonderful baby on earth, an' if she doesn't know who does? You'll have to take the lady's word for it!" he yelled as he dodged an empty bottle and disappeared from view.—LORD DON TIT-BITS.

Peculiar Reason

for Loving Wife

At a social gathering the other night the host proposed to his guests, mostly middle-aged married folk, a more or less new game. The key was: "I love my love because she is—," the idea being that the first player should name some quality beginning with the letter "a" which described his love, the second a quality beginning with "b," and so on.

"My love" was loved because she was "charming," "demure," and so on until the eighth player was reached. The letter "h" was his.

He happened to be at the party alone, his wife having remained at home, and there had been current gossip that they did not get along any too well.

There was, therefore, no little merriment when he responded:

"I love my love because she is home."

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red, rough hands.—Advertisement.

Palace Turned Into Bank

The Bank of Brussels is probably the only bank in the world actually doing business in a genuine palace. After the World War the bank bought the royal palace of the count of Flanders, one of the notable mansions of all Europe. The bank's president is a connoisseur of Eighteenth century art and has retained many fine pieces in the building, proving that a modern business can be conducted in a place of regal splendor.

Bill Sikes, Humorist

An argument in favor of inexpensive possessions, is sent by a correspondent, says London Tit-Bits. A few nights ago a burglar got into his house and left a parting note on the dining-room table. "This is a real disappointment," the note ran. "After all my trouble, I can't find a thing worth taking. Please buy a few valuables, or you won't see me again!" Even a burglar has a sense of humor.

Suez Canal Traffic

Great Britain takes first place in Suez canal trade with 60 per cent of the total traffic this year. The Netherlands is second, Germany third, Italy fourth, France fifth, Japan sixth and the United States seventh.

A word may be recalled, a life never.—Schiller.

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6 BELL'S
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General Sales Office: CHICAGO
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Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

Pimples



What can I do?

"Oh, why can't I have a skin like other girls? Why do I have to have these ugly pimples, blotches and blackheads?"

"If I could only find something that would clear up my skin and give me back my soft, rosy complexion, I know I would be the happiest girl in the world! What can I do?"

Is that you talking? If it is, you don't have to worry a minute! Just build up the rich, red blood in your body. Then your skin will be as clear and soft as anybody's.

That's what S. S. S. has been doing for generations—helping Nature build rich, red blood! You can build red-blood-cells so fast that the impurities that cause breaking out on the skin hardly get into the system before the pure blood annihilates them—kills them right out—stops them from breaking out through the skin.

And then this rich, red, pure blood feeds and nourishes the tissues of the skin and keeps it looking healthy.

That's all there is to it. Healthy, vigorous, red blood such as S. S. S. helps Nature build, makes you healthy all over. It beautifies your skin—drives away pimples, blackheads, blotches, rash, boils and eczema—gives you back your appetite—builds firm, plump flesh and fills you full of new life and energy.

All drug stores sell S. S. S. Get the larger bottle. It's more economical.

S.S.S.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

NIPI—If bothered with flies send name and address and save further suffering. Price \$3.50; money refunded if no relief. NIPI CO., 599 Hohman St., Hammond, Ind.

2 farms for sale—bargains. 240 acres best wheat section Red River Valley, Minnesota. 320 acres best grain and dairy section No. Dak. Address Box 113, Waseca, Minn.

20 ACRES
7 acres bearing orange grove; 3 acres young trees, cheap at five thousand; write or wire, W. F. GRANT, Bushnell, Florida.

400 ACRES MONROE COUNTY, ARKANSAS, cutover land for sale by owner—\$15 per acre. No encumbrance. E. E. BURR, 1840 Calumet, Chicago, Illinois.

FOR SALE—MODERN BAKE SHOP Splendid business factory town, reasonable rent. For particulars, Bert Evans, Real Estate, Farm Loans, 206 Kresge Bldg., Danville, Ill.

FOLKS, Overcome Constipation; make your own laxative; my formula very beneficial to general health; used extensively in the Old Countries. Formula and price sent free. Robinson, 1865 Hudson Blvd., Jersey City, N. J.

FORTUNES IN FLORIDA FRUIT AND BERRY FARMS
FIVE AND TEN ACRE TRACTS
You can make a good living on five acres, and become independent on ten acres of this land in blueberries, blackberries and Satsuma oranges. All high, rolling land, well drained and no waste or overgrown lands. We can give you either cleared or wooded land. Prices until February 1, 1926, for five acres \$1,000, \$350 cash, balance \$25 per month. Chassereau-Segars, Lake City, Florida.

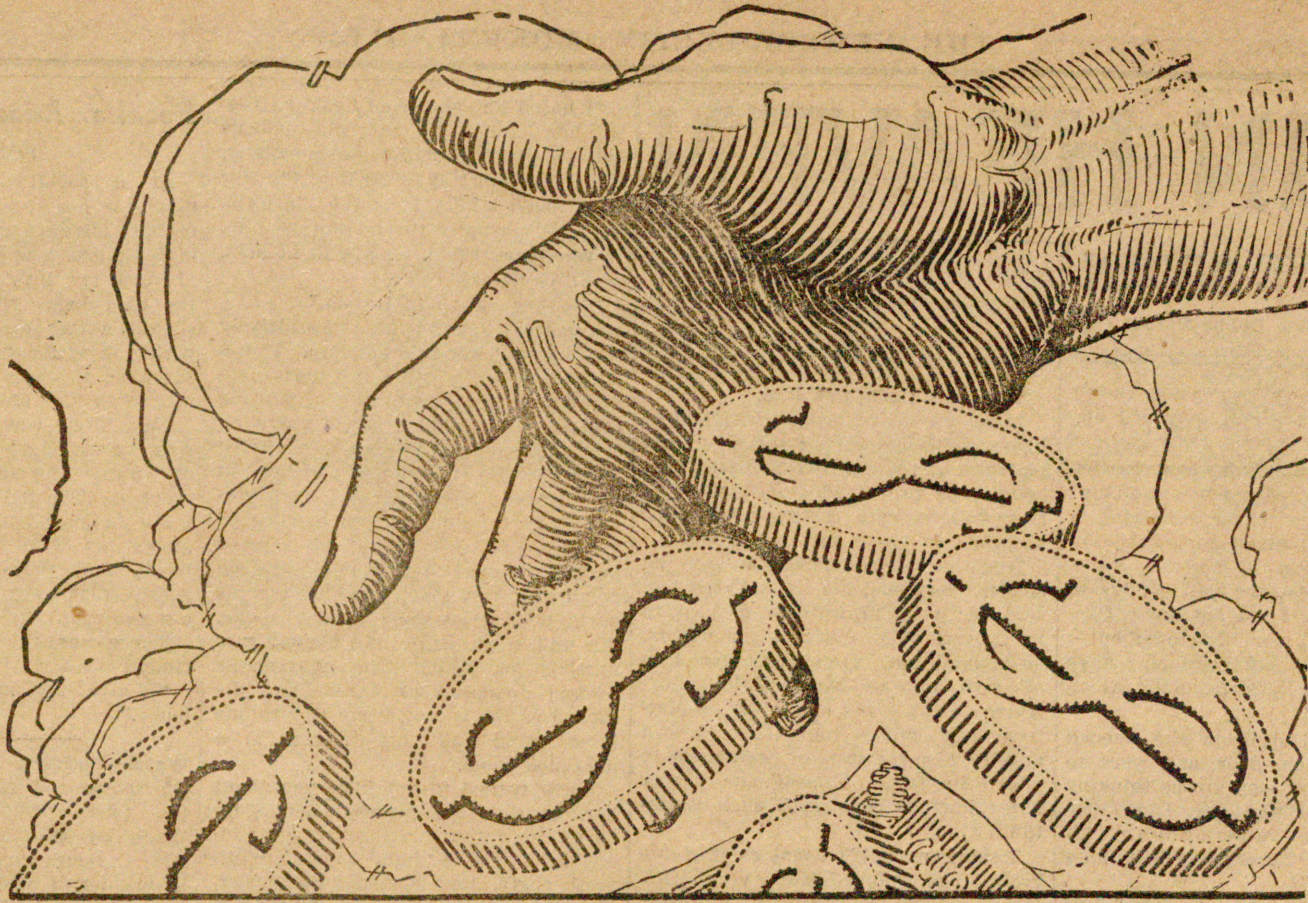
\$1.50 FOR YOUR OLD RADIO TUBES
regardless make or condition, toward purchase of each new standard \$2.50 tube. Positively guaranteed. We do not sell rebuilt or bootleg tubes. Agents wanted.

SUPER-SERVICE LABORATORIES
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Grace Hotel
CHICAGO
Jackson Blvd. and Clark St.
Rooms with detached bath \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; with private bath \$2.00 and \$2.50. Opposite Post Office—Near All Theaters and Stores. Stock yards cars direct to door. A clean, comfortable, newly decorated hotel. A safe place for your wife, mother or sister.

THE MICHIGAN STATE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE offers free helpful information on state certified lands, markets, soils, crops, climate, accredited dealers. Write Director of Agricultural Industry, 1 State Building, Lansing, Mich.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 52-1925.



Your "Dollars do Double Duty" When SPENT AT HOME

There's only one answer to the question:

"Where can I spend my dollars so that they'll not only benefit me personally by purchasing their full value's worth but where, in the course of time, they'll build for a greater community and make me more satisfied with both my neighbors and my surroundings?"

It is--

IN OAK LAWN

Because—

Here and here only, can your dollars do "Double Duty."

First, they'll get you the necessities of life at a lower cost than you could buy them for elsewhere. The personal interest our merchants take in each patron to see that he or she is always satisfied—often sacrificing profit—makes it possible.

Secondly, not only do your dollars go farthest, but by trading here and keeping those dollars at home—you're contributing to our fair city's PROGRESS and PROSPERITY.

More schools, more churches, better streets, better lighting systems,—in general, a more attractive city—are only possible when every citizen puts his or her "shoulder to the wheel" and "pushes" with their "home spent" dollars.

We, the undersigned business and professional interests, always have and always will be strong for anything that is good for the community. But remember, we need-YOUR CO-OPERATION

Oak Lawn Construction Company Not Inc.	Oak Lawn Trust and Savings Bank A. H. Behrends, President	Oak Lawn Hdw. Co. Not Inc. J. Rivero	Oak Lawn Service Station M. A. Hense
Behrend's Dept. Store A. H. Behrends	Oak Lawn Service & Filling Station Frank Harnew, Jr.	Southwest Towns Decorating Co. Not Inc. John Rowan, Mgr.	Economy Groceries Larsen & Hoffman
Oak Lawn Tailor, Cleaner and Dyer Geo. Paser	Oak Lawn Plumbing and Heating Supplies John F. Schults, Not Inc.	Specialty Shop Mabel M. Miess	Oak Lawn Electric Co. (Not Inc.) Platt & Schulmann
Fred Schultz	Coal, Building Material, Teaming Excavating	H. W. Elmore & Co. Real Estate	Frank J. O'Brien Justice of the Peace Collections
O'Brien's Gift Shop Dainty Gifts-Magazines-Stationery	The Oak Lawn Inn W. M. Keating	W. F. Kreuger Groceries & Meats	Oak Lawn Barber Shop Reuben Larson, Prop.
Oak Lawn Lunch Room John E. Bushfield, Prop.	Union Barber Shop N. Rondella	Larson Coal & Supply Company, Not Inc. C. W. Larsen	Piper's Garage Distributor of Exide Batteries Dealer in Ford Parts. Wrecking and Towing. Day & Night Service
Oak Lawn Bakery Arthur Jensen			

Oak Lawn Chamber of Commerce

